

JANUARY

1966

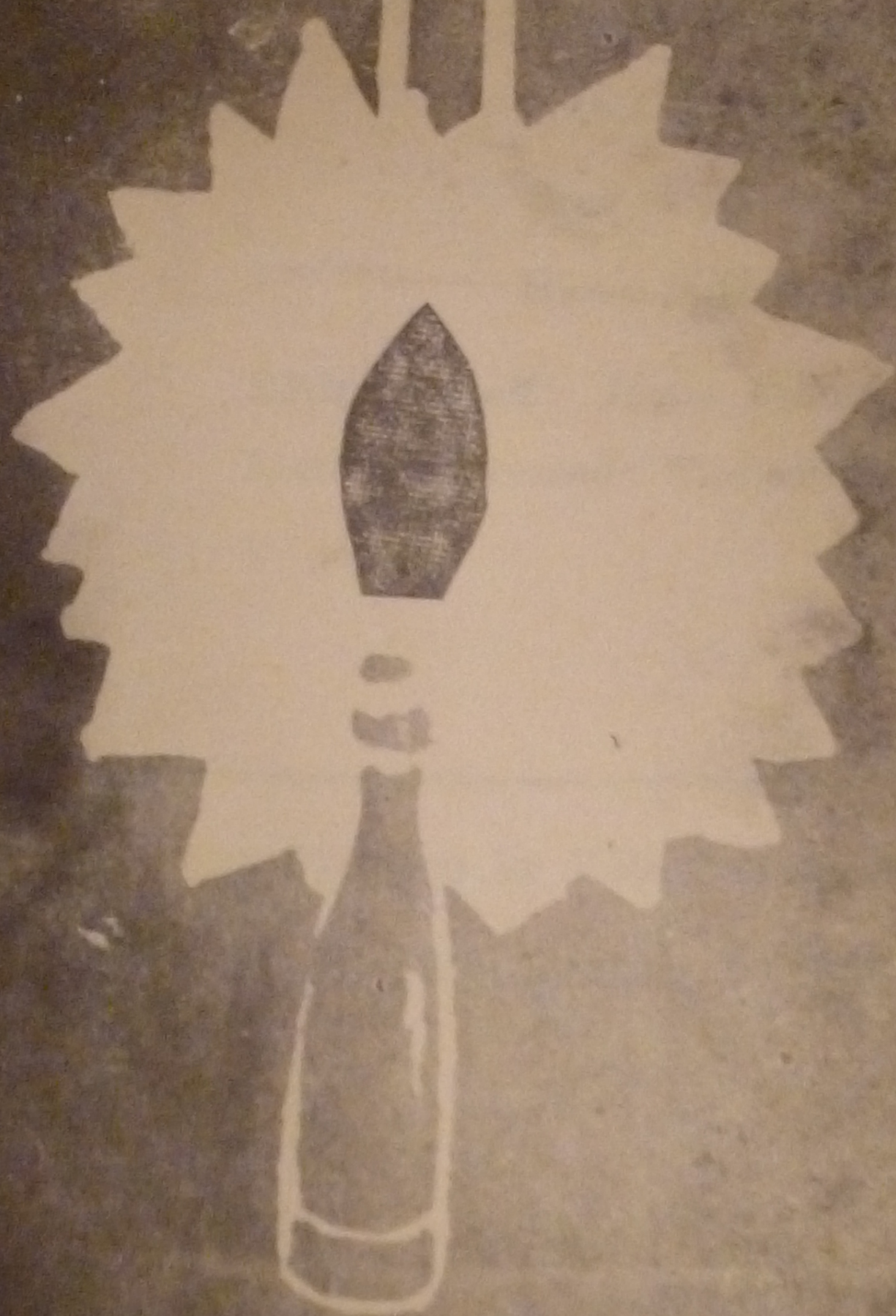
FLAMBEAU

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

THE KINGSTOWN STUDY GROUP

SAINT VINCENT.



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"FLAMBEAU"

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

"INSTEAD OF CURSING THE DARKNESS ONE LIGHTS A CANDLE."

NO 3.

JANUARY, 1966,

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PRINTED AT "RELIANCE PRINTERY", HALIFAX STREET, KINGSTOWN,
AND PUBLISH QUARTERLY BY THE KINGSTOWN STUDY GROUP, ST. VINCENT, W.I.

EDITORIAL

The Editorial staff on behalf of members of the Kingstown Study Group wishes all our readers a sane and sober festive season, with the promise of a more intellectually stimulating, more thought-provoking 1966. 1965 has been a trying year, a year of crisis at home and abroad, and we realise that merriment for most of us can only come in a spiritual sense brought about by some act of faith. For we have little to gloat over, and see even less to hope for in the immediate future, except the dubious prospect of Internal Self Government.

As we retrace our footsteps over the bogs and mires of the dying year we discern a St. Vincent caught in the throes of an inexorable downward spiral. Federal negotiations have collapsed and the very federal idea seems to have evaporated. Instead we see myopic Tin gods trying to carve out little kingdoms on these two-by-four rocks. We have witnessed a frenzied attempt to bolt the arrowroot stables long after the horse has escaped. We have begun to feel the pinch from the Deep Water Harbour which is not exactly serving the purpose it was expressly meant to serve. The Bonaire War has intensified to complete the full circle by snuffing out the hopes of a hopeless people. Chronic unemployment, malnutrition, and discontent are dotted all over the island. And the consequent despondency and disillusionment have sapped the strength and moral fibre of our people and corroded the very fabric of the society. Many are resigned to their lot in this atmosphere of drift, and fatalism reigns supreme over the frustrated.

On the international scene we inhabit a world in utter disarray. Morality is defined in military terms where the most telling argument is the bomb. Small nations are sandwiched into nothingness by the two giants, are bartered, traded and kicked from pillar to post. Aid is nearly always a Greek gift, in spite of the flattering credentials of the donor, for the Big Powers have no friends, only interests. The United Nations, once the hope of the downtrodden, possesses only nuisance value now and the much-lauded British Commonwealth has been revealed as a mere sounding-board for the White Members. Today race is the thing. The Civil Rights Movement in the U.S.A. has won a pyrrhic victory and the death of Malcolm X has undoubtedly set back the cause of the Negro a full half-century. Rhodesia is a hot-bed for international ferment as it exposes the race question in all its raw nakedness and forces the nations of the world to declare their stand openly, which will all come out in the wash—or the bloodbath, if you prefer. Notwithstanding all the progress made in the material sphere, and probably because of it, from Vietnam to the West Indies and from Kashmir to the Dominican Republic, 1965 has been a year of despair.

More than ever we need to recapture the spirit of Christmas, the feeling of charity and good-will to all, and to put in practice the ethics of the Supreme Master whose official birthday is commemorated around this time. Otherwise there is a small hope for order and rationality in an island dominated by Chaos, for a world community gone mad.

OF COLOUR OF SKIN AND ST. VINCENT

"With malice towards none; with charity for all;
With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE religionist—Christian of course—would have the world believe that the human family is one family of which God is the father—but what colour is God's skin? And is the black man his child?

Broadly speaking it is accepted that all men living to-day belong to a single species and are derived from a common stock. At the same time, however, it is not clear how the various groups have diverged from their single common origin. Nevertheless the human population of the world is classified by 'race'—a classification of first-order significance in which colour of skin plays perhaps the greatest of parts.

Generally, the most popular racial classification of mankind is into three main divisions, viz, the Caucasoid or White, the Mongoloid or Yellow, and the Negroid or Black. To some extent it is widely believed that the scattering of peoples in human history has caused an admixture which makes it difficult to fit every population into a single racial classification.

Various theories exist: some accept, purely on paper, that there is no scientific evidence for any assumption of 'superiority' or 'inferiority' on the part of any race. Some declare that cultural achievement has little or nothing to do with genetical inheritance of physical characters and that social and cultural differences cannot be explained in racial terms. Others incur the world's condemnation by proclaiming that there are NO pure races in the world owing to continued hybridisation. Against all this, there is, universally, a positive attempt to ex-sanguinate the human world of the negro blood.

Today, "I am a Negro" is an acknowledgement which will incur curse in one way or another almost everywhere in the world. It is still a fact that there are many communities in which the figure with the characteristic deep brown, almost black skin; the cool and velvety, short, black woolly hair; the short, flat, broad nose; the thick, protruding lips and the prominent cheek bones, is not given human status—but even in communities which boast the world's most civilized peoples is the urge to discriminate too strong, and consequently the negro, in these areas suffers relegation to the bottom—to the very dirt. It is almost a truism that the Negro is the most unwanted bit of human flesh in the world today. Pages of the history of the Negro must inevitably chronicle concurrently, certain events of great international importance.

Perhaps one of the most significant of recent times is the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. This, the first International Bill of Rights in human history, adopted by the General Assembly of the United Nations on December 10th, 1948, sets out in thirty-one articles, certain fundamental human rights, including, "that all human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights". However well-intentioned the perpetrators might have been, the Declaration had no binding force, as subsequent events have proven. It is not surprising, however, that Colour Bar and Apartheid prevail in South Africa because she was among the eight abstentions at the plenary sessions of the United Nations, but how can the Commonwealth Immigration Laws of Britain and the Civil Rights Laws of the United States fail to convincingly destroy any vestige of historical and literary validity of this Declaration?

Unlike the days of the eighteenth century, the sugar islands of the West Indies are not the hub of the British Empire. The result is that the imperial powers have ceased to vie for footholds on the rocks. Instead one-time slaves are rushing by the thousands to the land of the Mother Country. The repercussions continue to hit the headlines—Notting Hill Riots, Commonwealth Immigration Restrictions and the numerous national and individual discriminatory indulgences encountered daily by negroes all over Britain. Some white landlords still fear that the black man's demon will haunt their houses if he is permitted to rest therein; many white men are still positively afraid to sit next to the negro on the public transport lest the paint spills—in so much so they only take the risk when all seats are fully occupied and the only vacant is that next to their hated black intruder; what is worse, there are thousands like E. R. Braithwaite, author of "TO SIR WITH LOVE", who, though armed with university degrees and wide experience in various fields of technology, find that when they seek employment in their respective professions, they are rejected purely because they lack the qualification of THE RIGHT COLOUR OF SKIN.

Despite the universal negro-extermination drive the black man continues to exist. What's more he has proven an equal to the white man in various fields of learning, the doors of which are not being still stubbornly defended against

his entry. Politically, the black man has awakened. Several new flags have been unfurled over the Black Continent, and many blackmen, once political prisoners of their imperial masters now head their sovereign states. To some extent, the blackman has started in the Dominion of Jamaica and in Trinidad & Tobago what it is hoped will spread like disease throughout the other islands of the British Caribbean. West-Indian-wise the history of the blackman cannot be written without reference to the fact that the West Indies only became World Champions of Cricket—the Whiteman's game, after the West Indies Board of Control abandoned its policy of cleavage to white leadership and gave way to black genius. In 1960, the population of St. Vincent by race

was:—	Negro	White	Mixed	East Indian	Others
	56,207	1,840	17,444	2,444	2,018
TOTAL	79,948				

These figures show that 70.3% of the island's population was black as against a meagre 2.3% white. Five years have done nothing to change this position drastically but it is nevertheless true to say that in St. Vincent status is linked with skin pigmentation and race. Blackness and poverty at the bottom are the opposite to whiteness and wealth at the top, and in between there are the "mixed", forming an aspiring middle-class. As David Lowenthal puts it of the West Indies in his essay on the Social Background of Federation, so it is of St. Vincent: "The whole social fabric is partly knit together by inter-marriage, by acculturation, by assimilation; there is a colour class continuum."

Gone are the days when junior officers of Her Majesty's Colonial Civil Service arrived to rule over Her Majesty's loyal subjects and take glory in parading ceremonially in gubernatorial plumes. The day of the black Administrator has come—perhaps with some relief to the white candidates since the advent of ministerial system with a Chief Minister has reduced Administrators to mere figureheads. Generally it is true to say that in Government spheres the white man has virtually left the head. In other spheres however, there is nothing but an absolute subjugation of the majority by the minority. An impartial survey of the situation shows.

(a) The foreign banks operating in the island are all headed by men who must be classified white or at least West Indian white. Until relatively recent times the only post open to the black men on the staff of the oldest of these was that of messenger. And even now, it cannot be claimed that the Blackman gets beyond a certain level. Accountants, assistant accountants and other members of the senior bracket are as a rule imported pale-face folk. One wonders whether recruitment of local personnel may not correctly be said to be on the lines of

"Every Bully ga e breaker"

"the lighter the pigmentation the fairer the chances."

(b) The principal hotels in the island are out of the hands of the blackman. This no doubt explain why the Chairman of the St. Vincent Tourist Board is of Asian or European origin.

(c) The only newspaper is not controlled by the dark of skin.

(d) St. Vincent's chief industry is agriculture so ownership of the total land area of some 96,000 acres virtually determines the seat of power and influence. It is no wonder therefore that practically all of the twenty four large estates are exclusively held by the whites. Orange Hill, with all her subsidiaries, some 3,500 acres, Grand Sable, Union, Spring, Gorse, Mt. William, Diamond, Brighton, Cane Hall, Queensbury, Cane Grove, Pembroke, Peniston, Rutland Vale, Mount Wynne, Peter's Hope, Cumberland, and until recently Mount Bentick with her sugar factory, all contributed through white ownership to white supremacy. For the most part the blackman tills the land and tends the cattle and other beasts of the fields. At times he is elevated to the rank of Overseer, but the managers are invariably members of the family—the plantocracy remains white. This makes it understandable why a bird of like feather flies in to perch in control of the St. Vincent Co-operative Arrowroot Association.

(e) In the main 'the big boys' in commerce are the whites and though they are forced to employ all types to carry on their business, the blackman is restricted to the lower rungs of the ladder. Colour of skin plays a big, if not the biggest part in promotion. In numerous cases in many of the leading commercial houses the blackman, after 20 to 25 years of sterling service can only earn half the salary of his newly-recruited teenage pale-face boss. Recent trend is to import pale-face 'boys' for top jobs.

(f) Voluntary Organisations tend to get support depending on the colour of the skin of those who start them. The local branch of the Y.W.C.A. which has been struggling for years, and doing a grand job in the face of great odds, must give pride of place to the local branch of the Red Cross Association purely because it (the Y) was started here through the instrumentality of someone whose face is not pale. Within recent times an English woman resident in the Island has been courageous enough to enroll in the Y. If she is not prevailed upon to sever connections abruptly and join the Aquatic Club instead, the Y may have brighter days in the future.

Many Vincentians would say there is no race problem here. In terms of riot, that is correct. But St. Vincent is predominantly black and until it is clear that chances at obtaining the best of the islands' opportunities are entirely divorced

from consideration of the colour of skin then the position remains unsatisfactory. Local Barclays Bank Managers, Royal Bank of Canada Managers, their Accountants and other top men, Directors of the island's principal commercial concerns, Carnivals Queens, and above all, a fair share of the island's plantocracy must be undisputedly BLACK.

Several reasons may be advanced for the present colour/class basis of consideration in this predominantly black community but perhaps the big one which includes all the lesser ones is that after roughly one hundred and thirty-one years of emancipation the black man in St. Vincent has not evolved. More than a mere vestige of the past remains. In 1960 there were about 15,000 agricultural workers in the island, and about one-half of these were employed on the twenty four large estates. No doubt these poor negroes enjoyed some measures of freedom to vote for whom they wanted but in actual fact they were, and are, as caged to poverty and dirt as their forefathers were in the days of slavery. Testimony to this abound. The poor black man toils for his living on the estates of his white masters but when a piece of land is needed for siting his hut it is selected on on the steepest slope. His only association with the better areas must still be through his hoe and cutlass, tending Massa's bananas, arrowroot, coconuts, cotton or other crops. Many middle-class folk now scorn their native villages since gutters of all dimensions are their principal landmarks.

In the atmosphere of downright poverty surrounding the black man in St. Vincent, satisfaction in his existence rests entirely in his procreative powers. To some extent the white planters are destined to retain a source of labour and consequently the poor black labourer on most of the island's estates are let loose in their mud houses to multiply. The result is that St. Vincent's population has increased from 44,447 in 1921 and 61,647 in 1946 to approximately 80,000 in 1960, leaving the island third in the British Caribbean in population density—582 per square mile—a situation which caused Dr. Carleen O'Loughlin, in her report on A SURVEY OF ECONOMIC POTENTIAL AND CAPITAL NEEDS OF THE LEEWARD ISLANDS, WINDWARD ISLANDS AND BARBADOS, to state: "Since St. Vincent probably has the highest rate of natural increase of population, and lowest proportion of crop land per head of the population (and much of this under extensive crops such as coconut) and requires a grant-in-aid of well over a million dollars a year, I must admit to being a little disturbed at the scope of the problem before us."

However much Negro Slavery might be said to have been merely the solution of an economic problem, its effects on the black man in

THE BLACK RECONSTRUCTION

By KERWYN L. MORRIS.

We shall return from our short exile to reconstruct.
We shall brave the red labels the black bourgeoisie opportunists have placed on our backs.
We will die with our backs to the wall,
All for the love of Hairoun.

We shall return bearing loftily the mandate for a change.
For a change that is long past due,
For a change that will benefit all Hairounians,
For a change that is dialectically irreversible.

And when it begins the earth shall tremble.
La Soufriere shall vomit black smoke—the deadly poison of the putrid old order.
Cowards would tremble in their shoes.
Exploiters of man shall fall back astounded.
Stooges of the brass crown shall be put to shame
And their tin medal dumped in the new incinerator.
Chatoyar will collect them all.

In their rightful stead shall be
The Award of Toussaint L'Overture,
and
The Order of Marcus Garvey.
George McIntosh shall be raised,
Sheriff (Haile Selassie) shall be praised,
and
Negritude shall prevail.

St. Vincent is everlasting. In the main he remains uneducated and unequipped. His greatest asset—his labour—is either exploited by his white masters or is grossly mis-used by himself. He has had to toil in serfdom for so many years that labour now holds little virtue—and all over the island the poverty-stricken black man has grown lazy, dishonest and criminally bent. Thousands don't work and merely exist because breadfruit and bananas are among the island's principal products and are not fed to race horses and pedigree dogs.

On the night of March 22nd, 1961, Dr. Eric Williams delivered his sensational "Massa Day Done" address at the University of Woodford Square, Port-of-Spain. In this address, Dr. Williams stated: "Massa Day Done connotes a political awakening and a social revolution." When will St. Vincent be revolutionised?

FEATURING THE YOUTH

Editor's Note

Below we publish three recent statements put out by the youth of St. Vincent which speak eloquently for themselves. They are declarations which spring from the heart of young people who cannot remain passive spectators to the tragedy of their home. They have looked impotently on as the island slips downhill, they want to arrest this downward spiral and they know that they have the power and will to effect the necessary changes. Not unexpectedly, already all sorts of dirty names have been heaped upon them, but they have flowed without harm off their broad youthful shoulders;

already "respectable folk" have sought to infiltrate this budding movement to dilute the tempo and modify the spirit which move it, but such efforts are frustrated in advance; already decrepit politicians have made overtures to them but they do so at their peril for old bottles cannot contain new wines and in any event the youngsters are adamant on steering clear of the political cesspool. They have assured us that they will not be fooled, they will not be diverted from their aims by extraneous issues, nor be robbed of the fervour which inspires them by "aristocratic embraces;" above all, they will not be intimidated. We salute the entry on the public stage of this dedicated bunch of bold youngsters whose ideals and objectives stand on all fours with ours.

ROLE OF YOUTH IN THE COMMUNITY

"If Young people do not contradict their elders the world would never progress."

DR. BRONOWSKI IN "SCIENCE & HUMAN VALUES."

There are several reasons why young people should take great interest in what is going on in St. Vincent.

- (1) We are in the majority. There are:—
87,000 people in St. Vincent at the moment;
63,000 are not yet twenty-years old,
68,320 are not yet thirty-five.

Because we are so numerous, and because we are so young, any important decision about St. Vincent will affect us more, and for a longer period than any other sector of the community. If St. Vincent does not prosper we stand to suffer more than anybody else. In fact this is already evident; some 24,000 people in St. Vincent should have jobs, but 4,000 of them have none. Of these 4,000, more than 2000 are young people who have just left school and are seeking their first jobs.

But apart from the quantitative factor there are the qualitative factor which impel youth to take a greater interest in St. Vincent affairs.

At the moment, what is our heritage? A defunct sugar industry; a burnt down cotton gin, still wallowing in its ashes; a bankrupt Arrowroot Pool; a Banana Industry that keeps going by the grace of God. Let us not fool ourselves the local Banana Board is no great shakes. A tourist industry that cannot yet get off the ground; a Civil Service in which too many incompetent persons want to hold senior positions, and unable to do so in merit, they are forced to lick the boots of their political bosses. A Police Force from which too many of the intelligent men have resigned, and many of those who have come to hold important positions are more concerned with displaying their power,

rather than in harmonizing the relationship between citizen and citizen in the community. From too many of their elders the only lesson to be learnt is how to waste a lifetime wenching, drinking, and gambling. In the face of all this our young people have become alienated from their society, and many of them have taken alienation to its logical conclusion. They have resigned from the society, by going abroad, or if they remain, take very little interest in anything but the possibility of getting out. If any change is to come, however, it is the young people who will have to bring it about.

Because we are so young, still capable of displaying energy and enthusiasm and often better educated than our elders, we are more likely to be receptive to new ideas, more likely to come up with new ideas, and believe with Victor Hugo, "Greater than the tread of might arrives is the idea whose time has arrived."

Because we are young we are less likely to be affected by the world slow stain than our elders for we are more likely to bounce back after defeat than anybody else. There are many inspiring examples of what youth can do. In the U.S. it was the young people who, voting for the first time, swept Roosevelt and the New Deal to power. In that same country it was the young negroes who carried out the sit-in demonstrative marches that is now described as the Negro Revolution. The march to independence of the African countries tells the same tale. Locally, Duff James is hardly more than a boy, the hospital has not been the same since the arrival of Cyrus, despite the not unexpected fight put up by the reactionary old order. The

When you see smoke, fire day behind"

"Bridge" despite its open air nature, is about the most progressive Social Institution in St. Vincent. Year after year its members have helped to keep sport and carnival going in this place. Since they work in the day and spend their nights on a bridge many of them have been able to save their money and at least finance their first year in a University. Hence among their number are some twelve graduates and would be graduates in all fields, arts, medicine, etc.

If they had followed the old order they would have spent their time in some club, or at the back of a rum shop, gambling and drinking. The Bible too is instructive on this point—it says a little child shall lead them. To be in the world and not be part of it is metaphysically interesting but physically impossible, economically unfeasible and politically suicidal. Many Protestant European Countries grew rich because following John Calvin and Martin Luther they interpreted the word of God to mean that they must not only watch and pray, but must work hard at whatever they are doing, as it were glorifying God in their vocation. Seeing that things go well in St. Vincent is the VOCATION OF ALL OF US.

Taking interest in Vincentian affairs does not mean becoming a politician. It does not entail the formation of a new political party. To talk of revolution does not mean bloody fighting and simply overturning every thing that was there before. This just does not work. What we want is a revolution in attitudes. We must not be carried away by any imported ideology, be it that of Castro, Karl Marx or George Meany. Youth must be tough, independent, creative, activist, democratic and sentimental.

COME AND LET US FORM A YOUNG PEOPLES MOVEMENT AND SEE WHAT YOUTH CAN DO FOR ST. VINCENT.

AWAKE!!!

FROM THE BRIDGE

FOR sometime now we have been hearing and reading about the deplorable situation of our island. We hear it on the street corners, in the shops and we read about it in the papers.

General dissatisfaction about this situation is obvious. But alas! What do we do about it? NOTHING.

"It's none of my business" we say. This attitude is ridiculously foolish. How can the fate of our family, our home, our countrymen, our country be none of our business?

If we feel dissatisfied about the running of our home, do we run and leave it? Of course not. Do we sit back and let our home be destroyed while we bow in acquiescence? After a time this becomes so natural, we accept it, then it becomes near servility. Surely when man is so lazy he cannot get up and fight for what is his.

for what he wants, he becomes a slave and ceases to think and live for himself. This is indeed a pitiable plight!

It is man's inalienable right to resist any form of oppression. This right cannot be taken from him, but it can be given up. Have we given it up?

The Youth of our island form the majority of the population, and in any democratic country the voice of the majority carries the most sway. But is this so at home? Who are the men who have voice in the running of our country? Intelligent men? Men who have proved themselves worthy of our trust? The Majority? No! Businessmen, merchants, schemers, men who have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

Never has youth been subjected to so much suspicion and mistrust. So much so, we are becoming diffident about ourselves, and about what we can do.

For years we had looked up to our elders for leadership and guidance with almost blind trust and confidence, because we neither knew nor could do better. We were ignorant. But now we know. We know what we want, we want what others in the world are having—prosperity and progress, not merely because others have it, but because it is good.

We in this island have been saddled with the burdens of other islands. Every where some old consumptive frame who has tried and failed in his homeland, falls on us, and is soon made head of some Government or business department. Just like the wastepaper baskets in the city dumps, we accept refuse gladly.

Is it that we can do no better? Or is it that we prefer to see Mr. X, the Canadian labourer collect a salary of over \$20,000 a day rather than some ambitious young person who perhaps was once forced to walk the streets barefooted. Surely this is a pity. When a man has no chance in his own homeland, where must he turn? We have been running long enough—to America and now to England and Canada. The time has come when youth must stop running. We have been exploited long enough for the selfish gains of others. This unjust exploitation must cease.

We must shake off this complacent attitude which bogs us down. We have become accustomed to letting things alone for so long, it seems too great an effort to get up and shake off our cloak of laziness and get down to serious and constructive planning through which we can make our homeland a worthwhile place in which to live.

Surely if we ever needed help we need it today, not from a source outside ourselves but from within us. Surrounded by doubt and fear we know not where to turn. Perplexed, bewildered and despondent, we yearn for some word of encouragement, some confident assurance for

BITTER ALONENESS

For too long have I been silent;
I
Who call myself a writer.
I too long have sat

Mute.
My silence is seeming acceptance.
I do NOT accept!
Yet—

I do nothing to deter it
Save to talk in dark alleys,
Discuss in close walls,
Argue in the open
With inebriation as a ready defense.
I am not fettered,
Like my fellowmen,
Shackled by victimisation.
Cain-like have I tried to console myself,
Whilst from the bowels of depression
I hear my people groan and cry:
"Yes Massa!"

I stand Hurculean
Straining at adamantean chain of loquacity
To join Prometheus
And give man's mettle.
"Massa day done!"
No more

No more shall we be slaves
To white or money.
To die is to love!
To weep is to be hypocritical!
The dead is far better than we!
Each day I view the dunes
Blown by the fancies of superiors.
We are men not ANTS
To be crushed by the Whims of Cyclops.
Consent runs rampant through sychopantic
camouflages.
Nothing..

Is... Done.
Fear rules all.
None to stand.
All perch like vultures...

Waiting—
To wreak havoc on the fetid ass that brayed.
This putrid air of cumulus indifference
Suffocates me.
I—

am— but— sick.

Al. T. DAISY.

the future which now looms ahead, dark and
ominous. We no longer want to hear what can
be done, we want to do it and see it done.
Something concrete.

Everywhere else in the world the importance
of youth is realised. Their talents encouraged,
their hopes raised. Why not here? Are we so
different from the Youth of other countries?

Age agrees that we are "the men and women
of tomorrow" in whose hands the future lies,
but their actions belie their words, that is why
we don't want words; they mean nothing, at
least not now that we want something concrete
beneath our feet, so that we can stand up and
shout with assurance, and confidence and
pride.—THIS IS OUR HOMELAND.

Join the young peoples movement for the
progress and improvement of St. Vincent.
This is an island wide movement automatically
incorporating everyone between the ages of
fifteen to thirty-five, the aims of this movement
are (1) To unite on a common front for a com-
mon purpose (2) To build in youth the confi-
dence they need to be eventually the leaders of
this country (3) To oppose oppression regardless
of what form this oppression might take, all
these among other thing.

LOOK OUT FOR A MASS MEETING OF
THIS MOVEMENT IN THE FUTURE.

"THE BRIDGE"

ITS ORIGIN AND EXISTENCE!

Anyone who aspires to be a leader must
have a mind of his own; and if he can live up to
his ideals in the face of stiff opposition, he will
not only build confidence in himself, but will
also create a trustworthy image in the minds of
those who eventually look to him for leadership.

In times like these it becomes increasingly
difficult for a man to be a man, particularly
when we look about us for example and find
'not man but mouse,' half-man whose only
ambition is to take as many bribes as possible,
unscrupulous to say the least men in
whom corruption is the epitome of leadership.
We say without any reservations that our confi-
dence has been misplaced, we must look to our-
selves now for the future of our Island.

From experience we can say boldly to the
Youth of our Island, above all, avoid that mon-
strosity loosely called "Society", by all means
keep away from its dying grasp. We have seen
the result of those who got caught up in it, and
we have survived despite vehement blasts from
it.

Some ten years ago a group of school-boys
with no place to go on an off-night, —like Friday
night— would find themselves under the Library
gallery talking generally. Sometimes these talks
were punctuated by spontaneous outbursts of
laughter occasioned by the caustic wit of one of
us. Quite naturally, the odd-looking passer-by
came in for his or her share of "heckling", and
don't worry to turn your nose up at this, its
all a part of growing up. And here was born
what is now known as "THE BRIDGE."

The Group continued to meet at this venue
with a migratory movement to 'Super' for water

nuts now and then. Alas! however, the ele-
ments of "Society" assisted by other social as-
pirants began to work against us instead of with
us. They communicated with the Police, and
soon the hunt was on. Why?

As young boys without anyone manly enough
to come out in our defence threatened black-
mail and victimisation caused us to give in and
to accept, but not without dissenting voices, a
gross insult to Youth. For a long time we took
to strolling the length of "Back Street" but we
soon found that this was not conducive to sound
healthy discussions. If ever the need for Com-
munity Development was felt, it was here, here
was an excellent opportunity to promote 'Culture'
with a positive step in the right direction, that
is among Youth. But alas! just as it is today,
there was nobody broadminded enough, not to
say farsighted, to "waste money" on such a
"foolhardy project" and so in St. Vincent to date
the word "Culture" is foreign, and cultural im-
provement is non-existent.

Unable to stimulate interest in any discussion
while perambulating the length of Back Street
the boys soon found it necessary to procure
another 'resting place' and from the North River
Bridge came the name of that well-known group.

In the early days of the "BRIDGE" the prac-
tice was to study in the afternoon, spend about
about two hours (from 7-9 p.m) in the group,
then go home to finish your work. When sport-
ing activities intervened, the group would as-
semble just between dusk and chow-time (supper
time), and would end nearly always with a glass
of "Miss Florrie's good old mauby."

Life at our new venue was by no means "a bed
of roses" but of course we enjoyed it. However,
the inevitable monster with which we live was
soon to rear its ugly head again. Harsh criti-
cisms were directed to us "Time-wasters, gossips
a rowdy lot, all they do is talk about every girl
who passes by." For many and varied reasons
these verbal attacks went unopposed for the boys
genuinely believed that "Time more than any-
thing else would prove the sincerity of purpose,"
and as for the last attack, it was later realised,
that this was a perpetration by some individuals
who entertained "highly inflated notions of
themselves."

But again, the "Bridge" was not to escape
the eyes of those "gaudians of the law." In the
midst of one General Assembly, an imperious
voice rang out "Everybody move off Now, get
away from here, Gon, Go home." It was
evident that our good friends had missed the
point. We did not want to be on the other side
of the law, if anything, we should have been
protected by the law; and so this command, or
rather insult, was not only resented by the
group, but also stoutly defied. Here we found
ourselves no longer the lads under the Library
gallery but men who not expecting anyone to

stand up for them, had to stand up for them-
selves. Within hours an interview was
arranged with the Deputy-Chief of police, in the
absence from the Colony of the Chief; and at
ten O'Clock one memorable Saturday morning
four of our top negotiators were seated at Police
Headquarters.

Today we are pleased to say that as a result
of a group determined to have the rights and
privileges of the citizens of a community
defined, we are still there. Having laid a founda-
tion which assured future existence there,
"The Bridge" was not contented to stop at this.
Out of "The Bridge" has come "EAGLES" a
sporting and Literary Club, which is now
totally independent of its parent body, a system
quite out of keeping with colonialist thinking.

"The Bridge" has brought to the people a
back-log of historical facts in the form of Carni-
val Revellery. In 1962 it produced "Barbaric
Splendour," in 1963—"Portrait of Ancient Egypt
1964—"From the story of Western Coloniza-
tion," and 1965 "Invaders of Britain 55 BC.—
1066 A.D."

The people of Barrouallie will tell you of the
entertainment provided them by the joint
effort of "The Bridge" and "Eagles" at Foot-
ball, so will the people of Bequia, where one
year, an Eagles/Bridge combination opposed
Honved in an Exhibition football match at
Port Elizabeth.

On the Academic side the "Bridge" has among
its number some five graduates and graduates
to-be in varying fields namely, Arts, Medicine,
etc. These are dispersed throughout Canada,
U.S.A, U.K., JAMAICA, and other parts of the
West Indies. The important point, however, is
the almost immortal image that this group of
humble origin has projected over the years; no
matter how many men go abroad, there are
always a few up-and coming ready to follow in
the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors.

Perhaps the secret of this inherent cohesion
lies in the firm belief that discrimination does
not belong to us... We are brothers of one family
of Youth housed together.

We say it is almost useless for men "in high
places" to make attempts of incorporating Youth
into their senile state of corruption. We'll
have none of it!

These gimmicks won't work! Why wasn't an
attempt to help the young people made before?
You should have remembered that "Out of Evil
Cometh Good". Out of what was seemingly
evil before has come good, hence out of Youth
of today, will come good.

"The Bridge" might have been boisterous
before, but after all, what is a little noise if this
is going to be the result? In any case, nothing
is gain without noise today, and time and
experience gained by it have taught us that it is

not absolutely necessary to shout in order to make a point.

"The Bridge" will continue along its immortal route, striving relentlessly to see that youth takes its rightful place in our community. We have met with and surmounted obstacles. We will continue to do so.

Man is by nature a gregarious animal so why should we strive to keep man in contact

conflict with himself? Let us be bold enough now to take pride in ourselves, let us band ourselves together for the betterment of posterity, since our fathers did not see it fit for their children.

We must be strong and resolute then, and only then will Youth progress, will Youth be triumphant, and above all "Youth will Survive".

FOOTNOTES ON SLAVERY.

One can hardly think of a more emotive subject than slavery. Most of us, ashamed of our slave past, are prone to fight shy of any rational discussion on the topic, let bygones be bygones we cry; others, preoccupied with sloganizing and finding comfort in easy stereotyped thinking see our every fault as some direct descendant of that bestial social institution called slavery; others with a careless manipulation of ideological symbols define our slave past simply as white-capitalist-imperialist domination of Black colonialist forces. We believe that no school of thought has a monopoly on truth about slavery and, in attempting a cool

manufactured, post facto, to justify that unjustifiable spate of international looting which ransacked Africa, dehumanized a race, and mentally brutalized a people.

To begin with there is no logical connection between negroes and slavery. Such a suggestion is patently false. Most people at one time or another were enslaved by other peoples, and negro slavery was merely accidental. It was a purely economic phenomenon. From its cradle to its grave it was determined by economic interests. Born out of economic circumstances it died, according to Eric Williams who is the acknowledged authority here, not as the result of

By K.R.V. JOHN.

and objective analysis of the system as it affects us, we have interwoven selected strands of thought from the two latter schools. We wish to meet a need, the need to know the past in order to understand the present and plan for the future. In setting the records straight on our historical balance sheet we try to avoid misemphases, insofar as it is humanly possible to do so, for whereas we hope that we are free of built-in biases we do not pretend to make any vaunted claims to detachment; our involvement in the subject is too complete for that.

Many of our present-day problems undoubtedly spring from a slave background. The first is psychological, the more dangerous and destructive since it is embedded within the bedrock of our own personality and operates on the subconscious plane. Slavery has left us with a crippling inferiority complex. We are ashamed of our past, of our race, and of our ancestral home, because we are taught that only an "inferior" people would subserve the interests of "superior" folk, that colour and intelligence tend to vary inversely, that is, the more coloured the less intelligence, and that Africa whence most of us sprang was the Dark Continent from which we were rescued by philanthropic slave-traders. Most of the beliefs which have been drummed into our heads during that long dark night and the longer more agonizing dusk in which we still exist are really rationalising myths and synthetic reasoning which were

a belated humanitarian movement and convenient upsurge of christian sentiment among people who wished to salvage moth-eaten consciences, but simply because as an economic institution slavery had ceased to be profitable (Williams: Capitalism and Slavery-Negro in the Caribbean). The West Indies had become British by conquest. Cheap labour was sorely needed on sugar plantations to make them render the enormously high rates of return to finance the Industrial Revolution. The Indians who were first exploited in the labour field succumbed under the pressures of slave existence. Poor whites were brought down in droves from Western Europe under a system of glorified slavery called Indenture—some were kidnapped, some were tricked into coming, some were transported as convicts, while some sought political asylum. It was a motley array of people, often including the scum and offscourings of the metropolitan power, that provoked Benjamin Franklin to object to "this dumping upon the New World of the outcasts of the old," an objection which bristles with contemporary significance. Somehow this brood proved unequal to the rigours of plantation life under a blazing tropical sun, and was not forthcoming in sufficient quantities. So it was, with the failure of both experiments, that recourse was had to negroes of West Africa.

One of the most demoralising myths conjured up by the apostles of slavery and which is

enshrined in the heart of every true colonialist is that slavery removed us from a savage and nightmarish society marked by sheer barbarity, characterised by unbridled cannibalism and dominated by superstition. This is fatuous nonsense which flies in the face of historical facts and has been exposed by recent anthropological research and archaeological findings which testify to the high level of civilization that flourished in West Africa of the day. We may have barely heard some news which seeped through the colonial curtain of Timbuctoo as a great centre of learning, of the Benin Bronzes, of the splendour that was Ashanti, of the glory that was the parent kingdom of Ghana, evidence of societies which had attained an advanced plane of sophistication. And if some parts of Africa admittedly were no earthly paradise neither were they some satanic community of depraved subhumans and degenerate souls. Far from. Yet we daily batten on the dross dished out about Africa by European historians who have political—and economic—axes to grind. So indoctrinated were our slave forbears with the fallacious notion of a completely backward Africa that the creole slaves looked down upon the African immigrant who in turn distrusted him and refused to make him privy to slave conspiracies. Herein lies one of the most baneful lagacies of slavery—West Indians denouncing everything African and disclaiming their African heritage while stressing, even fabricating, their European derivation, considering themselves superior to the extent of their contact with the Whites, albeit the physical contact of the whip, or the more insidious embraces of social indoctrination, cultural capitulation and economic strangulation; the African distrusting his West Indian brother and always suspicious of his "mongrel personality" and European outlook which rubbed off on him during slavery.

It is also a damning indictment on colonial education which is an outgrowth of slave society that arch-pirates and privateers such as John Hawkins who perpetrated that putrid traffic in human souls has been inherited as our historical hero. It is a fact, and we speak from personal experience here, that colonial children tend to identify themselves, as they were no doubt meant to, with the epic figures of the slave traders rather than with the black cargoes chained below the decks, poisoned during calms, and jettisoned during storms in that horrid trans-Atlantic trip known to us flippantly as the Middle Passage. On the other hand one hears nothing of Toussaint L'Overture or the countless black heroes who braved heavy odds in vain attempts to liberate their people, nor of Marcus Garvey who tried to clean out the stables that slavery left. Nor are stories properly recorded about the many militant negroes who committed suicide rather than live a life in abject

servility. Which brings us round to exploding another slave myth about negro submissiveness and docility. In fact negroes drowned themselves rather than submit, poisoned themselves with their entire families in a mood of utter defiance while some others like the Bush Negroes of the Guianas or the Jamacian maroons ran away and esconced themselves in mountain fastnesses and jungle rather than yield to the regimen and overlordship of the plantations. And, of course, some banded themselves into well-knit fighting units and plotted revolts and insurrections causing the widely-held belief that had the Abolition Bill been further delayed emancipation would have been effected from below as was the case in Haiti.

Some folk are very fond of the claim that through the God-given institution of slavery the White man was able to discharge part of his burden in civilizing the backward negroes by christianizing West Africans. Without venturing a comment on whether or not christianity has been an unmixed blessing, or even a good thing in the circumstances, our own submission here is that there must be a thousand-and-one ways of saving people's souls without the sacrifice of their bodies for there seems to be no necessary link between slavery and christianity or is there? C.L.R. James in his clinical analysis of the Haitian Revolution (C.L.R. James—Black Jacobins) relates the story of a slave ship's captain who, while awaiting the loading of his black cargo in a West African port composed the hymn "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." And Queen Elizabeth was so pleased with the profits accruing from a Hawkin's trip that she offered her thanksgiving to God by granting Hawkins three ships for a repeat journey called "The Solomon," "The John the Baptist," and "The Jesus". Apart from the tremendous missionary work put in by the Moravians and Baptists and, to a lesser extent, Methodists christianity was generally administered to the slave population in small grudging doses. So opposed was the general run of planters to the spread of christianity with its twin revolutionary doctrines—the fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man that Bickell, an Anglican curate in Jamaica, based his advocacy on the acceptable ground that christianity would make the slaves more tractable. (Cf. M.G. Smith "Social Structure in the British Caribbean about 1820") "The safety of the Whites demands that we keep the negroes in the most profound ignorance" was the cry of a planter of the day a cry whose possible contemporary relevance must give us pause.

So far we have attempted to examine critically some of the baseless intellectual prop of slavery. We have exposed some of the most blatant historical imbalances which clutter the very vexed question and have revealed the

SONG OF ABOLITION

Black Power
groaned under
Wheel, whip and scorn
to serve!
In servitude to serve
White oppression
In folly mocking God-
Designer!
Designer of Jets and Ivory all.

Then came Mercurial-Winged Abolition!

Saw
Black Power
groaning under
Wheel, whip and scorn—
Breaking ivory rampart Abolition stormed!
Saw
Ivory steel and Black jet flint
continue to contend.
Let Flesh know Flesh as "Flesh"—
"Power" be black as white,
Not power versus Power.

Now race on once harnessed Power
Race on to find thyself!
Oppressive Ivoryed-Pride rides fast behind
And since thou gallopest on
He makes thee segregate
Outcast!
But heed him not Black Power,
Race on to be thyself!
Race on
thou freed
Black Power
Freel

J. E. DELLIMORE

system as the unblushing exploitation of people of colour who were degraded by a conspiracy of historical distortions and systematic plan of myths fabricated by another race to camouflage a philosophy of naked greed. Now we hope to give a thumbnail sketch of the daily life of a slave as background study to other problems which our slave heritage has left us, particularly in the economic and social fields. We select the day-to-day life of a field slave in Cane Grove Estate, St. Vincent, (Cameron: *Evolution of the Negro* Vol. 11) which typifies the normal existence of the largest category of slaves.

Our slave rises as early as 3:00 or 4:00 a.m. His home so called (the wattle-and-daub type which still disgraces our countryside but decorates Tourists brochures) is some miles removed from the estate field where he must report for work at 5:00 a.m. The driver calls the slaves to work by blowing on a conch-shell or whistle. Roll

call follows and late-comers are flogged with tamarind rods or a cart-whip. The slaves work in rows and any one who attempts to slow down the tempo of work is whipped. A favoured slave, usually upgraded for newscarrying, is the driver. The field slaves are all black. The lighter complexioned are the mechanics in the workshops or the domestic slaves. The free coloured predominate as accountants and book-keepers. Some even own a few slaves to whom they are excessively brutal in a vain effort to advertise their social inaccessibility. The attorneys and managers are normally poor whites, while the owners form an absentee interest wallowing in profits and living in style in the metropolis.

At 9:00 there is a half-an-hour break for breakfast for such as had the time and energy and wherewithal to prepare. Work resumes at 9:30 without interruption until 12:00 when there is a break for lunch for two hours. But during this break our field slaves have to gather grass which he must take home with him at the end of the day. It has been observed that during the dry season this occupation often takes up the full two hours. Afternoon work is done from 2:00 to 7:00 p.m., that is, until dark. When he reaches home the slave surrenders his grass to the overseer and is flogged or sent to the stocks for the night if it proves inadequate. This is the routine task of the field slave except that during crop time the work is intensified. Now the slave has to put in an additional three full night's work in the factory or a half-night daily for the week.

The slave owner is legally obliged to feed his slaves. In reality he issues two or three pounds of salt fish per slave per week (here is the origin of a dietary pattern devoid of nutritional value which persists to this day.) For the rest the slave feeds himself on ground provisions grown on mountain land or over-cropped sugar land which his owner has parcelled out to him. The produce from these lands belong to the slave who is permitted to sell them in the Sunday-morning markets and keep the proceeds, thus effecting that "happy coalition of interests" by which Master is freed from an additional burden and slave is allowed a modicum of independence.

The slave master is also supposed to clothe his slaves. He does this by giving annually six yards of blue stuff, not inappropriately known as bamboo, and six yards of brown. Children are allowed a small strip to tie around their waists. For bed-clothing the slave receives a blanket every four to five years. This is the sort of social and economic organisation which has bequeathed us with more than our fair share of problems—economic, social and cultural.

In the economic sphere a one-crop plantation economy is a child of slavery. It is a satellite economy which is externally oriented and derives its *raison d'être* from forces outside

the colony. No thought is given to the domestic situation, industrialisation is strictly taboo and notions about crop diversification are considered outlandish. For the Home market demands only raw materials, and the Estate is a jealous God. The result has been lopsided economic development, a gross mal-distribution of wealth in favour of the plantocracy and the local Import Export entrepreneurs, and a precarious economic life which is peculiarly sensitive to outside price fluctuations and allergic to external marketing conditions. And our balance-of-payments position is jeopardised by the fact that the slave mentality has convinced us that nothing produce locally can match imported stuff. We saw that the slaves were given mountain or over-cropped sugar lands on which to set up their vegetable gardens. This marks the birth of the hard-working West Indian peasantry and exposes the lie of the inefficient peasant and lazy negro which have come down to us as legacies of slavery. Where peasant production is small it is more often than not due to the fact that peasants have been given marginal lands unfit for sugar which are rocky, possess poor soils, lend themselves to erosion, or are overcropped. It is still a Vincentian practice for overcropped land, or cut-down forest areas, to be converted into temporary "yam pieces" for the labourer who works them until they are "good enough" for the Estate to resume possession. Still the industry and resource shown by the slaves in working the gardens whose profits belonged to them has elicited the favourable comment of many an observer. But it stands to reason, save among people who have been entangled in their own web of sordid lies, that sweating on somebody's estate for somebody's profit is not exactly the best of incentives to work conscientiously. Even in those benighted days of slavery British economist Adam Smith defined the problem lucidly: "a person who can acquire no property can have no other interest than to eat as much and to labour as little as possible."

Nowadays praedial larceny is very commonplace on most Vincentian estates. It might be that such practice is implicit in Plantations Society and inheres in the very logic of the feudal relationships which for the most part still exist today. M.G. Smith has told us that the slaves being chattles considered themselves, by definition, incapable of theft. Just as a cow does not steal its master's grass which simply fattens it for its master's use, so a slave cannot steal from its master when he is himself the property of the said master. It is an internal displacement of property. Similarly, it would appear that labourers who are tied body and soul to an estate—from the estate come their wages, their pasturage rights, their wattle-and-daub, their privilege to gather wood, their "yam

pieces", all of which can be revoked just like that—feel free to plunder and rifle their master's holdings without much pricking of conscience. This is not excusing, this is simply understanding. And it is a problem which spills over into the field of industrial relations. Here one can see how that unbridgeable gap set up between the haves and the havenots has repercussions. Suddenly aware of their collective strength and alive to the political possibilities Trade Unions tend to be overly militant, even belligerent, in their object of bringing management to its knees and atoning for the wrongs of history (The whole Mount Berrick episode is a case in point). On the other hand stands the intransigent employer who finds it distasteful to sit as an equal around a conference table with the upstart son of a slave who, as an ambitious leader of the workers, is bent on solving the load of personality problems which slavery has heaped on his head.

It is precisely in the area of social relations that the harsh wounds of slavery have left their deepest scars. Not only was the European class system superimposed on our society but it was underpinned with racial overtones as we saw when giving a graphic picture of social organisation in the heyday of slavery. The society was pyramidal with the Whites perched at the apex of the hierarchy, the mulatto brown born of White slave masters and Black slave mothers gyrating in between, and a teeming mass of frustrated black souls resting resignedly at the base. In short it was a society differing in degree only from the one in which we live today. Then as now people were obsessed with skin colour and shade. People would go to ridiculous lengths in retracing a family tree to see whether it can be established that a tear-drop of white blood flowed in their veins. Today it is the same; people are no longer Black, they are coffee-brown, they are not Negro, they are mixed, the African-slave past recedes into a misty background and the British connection assumes monstrous proportions. There was and is a negative correlation between power and influence, and pigmentation. In the scheme of things the Whiter the richer and more powerful, the Blacker—the poorer and weaker. Then as now, but admittedly with less force and more subtlety now, job opportunities were related to skin colour. As the sociologist would put it slave society was rigidly stratified, with very limited vertical mobility between classes, approximating a caste system. Status placements were based on ascriptive criteria, that is to say, your birth consigned you to a ready-made niche in society from which the whole course of your life could be mapped and plotted.

Under such stultifying conditions prepared by slavery the response of the lower-class descendant of slaves has been one of near resignation.

He accepts the White power structure and if he does not subscribe to White values he at least respects them and sets them up as his ideal. Since he has been placed unreservedly at the lowest rung of the social ladder with little chance for promotion he simply lets go and live a happy-go-lucky life. The "demonstration effect" of the big banquets staged by his master in the estate house has told on his mental make-up and his immediate reaction to the first flush of wealth is to squander and have a good time. His sights are very narrow but he sets a high premium on White Collar jobs and hopes that his children will steer clear of manual labour which still smacks of the stench of slavery. When he rises to a job like road-driver - the slave name is still maintained, or police officer he lords it over his charges and governs with a rule of thumb. Whenever he attempted to co-operate and speak on behalf of unfortunate fellow-slaves in the past he was beaten and punished, and so he has learned assiduously to mind his own business, and is callous and indifferent to the misery of his neighbours so long as it does not affect him.

The slaves were encouraged to live a life of casual unions. Christian marriage would have been disruptive of estate life insofar as it would have divided a loyalty which the estate demanded totally. Added to this, of course, is another hang-over from slavery that, shut out from the locus of power and positions of influence, promiscuous sex relations alone made a man feel that he had some worth. His ability to pick and choose, to keep or cast off gave a man some sort of psychological compensation in a situation where all other avenues for self-expression were closed.

The middle class for their part perform a nice balancing act in an unreal state of being flanked by a group they hoped they have left and another they hope they will reach. Among this class intellectual mimicry, social affectation, and subscription to the shibboleths of Western cultured behavior, obtrude. There is inordinate apring of European behavior to curry favour, reminiscent of the domestic slave of whom Trollope caustically remarked "burning to be a white man and a scholar, and puzzling himself with fine words." "Bleaching to be a White man" would be nearer the point today. It is this class of "Afro Saxons" who, by and large, staff the Civil Service and teaching profession; the motorised salariat, M. G. Smith terms them. As in the days of slavery when a premium was set on the mechanical implementation of orders from above and promotion was based on tale-bearing and acquiescence, so is this middle-class type generally characterised by boot-licking

and sycophancy which frustrates the working of the Government bureaucratic machinery and paves the way for the indiscriminate use of political terror. For obvious reasons consideration of skin colour has been most marked in this group. Even plainly negro folk by virtue of isations are counted as pass-for Whites, or Vincentian Whites, what a sociologist calls "Associational Whites..." Kitchener's dictum that "If you are not White you are considered Black" does not apply. Here members are often preoccupied with marrying lighter-skinned persons so that they can "raise their colour and have nice straight-hair children." It is these people too who, tenacious of a precarious status and wishing to maintain a social distance from the so-called lower-class, are most severe in their dealings with their less fortunate brethren. Domestic Servants come in for rough handling in the homes of our middle-class who are the spiritual descendants of the free-coloured in slave society who were brutal and tyrannical slave masters.

These are our footnotes on slavery. We have been saddled with a myriad of problems which demand a veritable revolution in attitudes before they can be solved. We believe that we must make an effort to blur class lines and demolish colour barriers to create a well-integrated, coherent society and overhaul a decrepit social system. To accomplish this we must correct and place in proper perspective notions of our past which have helped to tarnish our image and affect our personality structure. A kindly slave-owner, Monk Lewis, claimed that he administered disputes among his charges easily because they believed that "massa can do no wrong". We have to shout, with Eric Williams, that "Massa day done". And mean it. Most of us are trained in irresponsibility and won't know what to do with Independence if we got it. We were never allowed to call the tune and must learn how to stand up, assume self-confidence, make decisions for ourselves and not be entrapped like the freed slaves who, after years of paternalism by patronising owners, were maladjusted in their semi-free society and looked nostalgically upon the days of slavery. Given a proper historical sense of ourselves we may be able to assess our position, define goals, establish priorities, and move on. Slavery has done its mischief but we must not allow it to generate a momentum of its own and poison our future. We call for an overdue mental emancipation to invest our physical liberation with some meaning. Probably an awareness of the problem is the first step towards a solution.

TOURISM, THE FREEPORT, AND ALL THAT

A. N. IDIOT

RECENTLY there has been much discussion in the local newspaper about tourism and the proposed freeport in the Grenadines. The aim of this paper is to discuss (1) what we hope tourism would contribute to our economic development, (2) the extent to which a freeport is likely to influence the development of tourism.

THE ROLE OF TOURISM IN THE ECONOMY: Most of the so-called backward countries in the world are today interested in economic development. In most of them it has been realised that a purely agricultural community cannot be rich. An agricultural country is almost by definition a poor country. Denmark and New Zealand are not agricultural countries as is popularly believed since only about one fifth of the working population is engaged in agriculture, and about one fifth of total income comes from agriculture in those countries. To overcome their poverty the big poor countries like India, Ghana and Egypt are making strenuous efforts to become industrialized. In the very small backward islands like the Bahamas, Antigua, Montserrat, Virgin Islands, where there is little hope of industrialization because of the absence of raw materials and the limited size of the local market the emphasis is on tourism.

Some people have rightly concluded that St. Vincent belongs to the group of very backward islands and ought therefore to emphasize tourism. If tourism is to make a contribution to our development it must do the following things. (1) Reduce unemployment in the island by employing our educated people as managers, assistant managers, accountants in hotels, and the not so well educated as maids, hawkeyes, porters, taxi-drivers and perhaps entertainers. The construction of hotels and homes for tourists should also provide employment for our skilled craftsmen. (2) The tourist must help to provide a market for our agricultural products particularly our fruits and vegetables. (3) The hotel business should be one of the avenues in which some of our people can invest their money. By doing these things tourism will put more money into circulation and the Government can collect more revenue, and we can import the motor cars, fridges, etc. that we like so much.

There is nothing wrong in expecting tourism to do all this. Some middle class people argue that tourism leads to immorality and the destruction of the natural beauty of the land. I have no doubt that the majority of our people, if given the choice, would prefer a regular job to natural beauty. And in any event it is left for us to devise means to extract tourist money while minimising any vulgar effect they might have on our country. After all it is difficult to see beauty in anything when one lives in a trash-house with any number of children, and does not know where the next meal is coming

from. Furthermore tourism is no more unstable than export agriculture based on trying to sell starch and bananas in a market that is already saturated. As people get richer and richer they spend a smaller and smaller proportion of their money on food. The amount of food you can eat is limited by the size of your stomach. On the other hand as people get more affluent they like to, and can afford, to travel more. In the developed countries in North America and Europe, from which the tourists come the people are getting richer and richer every year.

If tourism is to fulfil the role that has been postulated for it, then it must be commercialized. Tourism is big business, and you cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs. If we simply allow a few people like an ex-Prime Minister to purchase an estate in Bequia, and hope that the occasional cruise ship passes through, we might as well forget the whole idea. For in that case St. Vincent will be getting precious little from tourism. On the other hand if we try to commercialize it to the extent of Hawaii where hotels have become as hunched as houses in Paul's Lot, then we will frighten away the tourists. Indeed the main reason for the visit by the tourist is to live for a short while in a community where the sun does shine and where the pace is not as hectic as in New York. The Government must help private investors to find the Golden mean.

I want to turn to (2); the extent to which a freeport is likely to influence the development of tourism. Three types of tourism can be distinguished. (a) Cruise ships: I am not convinced that a freeport is likely to increase the number of cruise ships passing through St. Vincent, or the amount of money that St. Vincent can extract from the tourist on these ships. There are two reasons for coming to this conclusion: (1) most of the cruise ships come from the U. S. and the amount of money that can be spent by U. S. tourists on goods to be taken back to the U. S. is legally limited; (2) any article we can sell in the freeport is likely to be sold at a lower price in the shops on the cruise ships. (b) The second type of tourism is that in which people charter or purchase yachts and cruise through the islands. The freeport is likely to encourage this sort of tourism. Ships will probably put in at this port for chandlery. There are however, at least two possible drawbacks: (1) This is precisely the sort of tourism that is likely to encourage smuggling and (2) the money accruing from this sort of tourism is likely to find its way into the hands of a very few people only, namely the people who own the shops in Bequia, and the people who transport the goods to Bequia. It is possible that one person or group of persons might control these distributive trades. In fact I think that this is the case.

The third type of tourism and the one I think we ought to plumb solidly for is 'retiree tourism'. Here we encourage people to come to St. Vincent to spend part of the year or, in the case of old people, to spend the rest of their lives. After all we have little to lose if we turn the Grenadines into an earthly paradise for old folk who have a source

of income either in Europe or North America. The islands are going no place either agriculturally or industrially and if it can be contended that this is a mixed blessing then it is still better than no blessing at all.

But what are the crucial factors in drawing "retiree tourists" to St. Vincent? To get tourists we must get into contact with people who want to go on tour. This assumes that the people responsible for tourism in the island are able to communicate effectively about St. Vincent to people in the outside world. This automatically disqualifies persons to whom English is a foreign tongue. Monsterrat, by telling hoteliers that they must use the increased income they get from tax exemption to advertise Monsterrat, has set us a very sound example of how to put St. Vincent on the map. The Government has to be prepared to spend money on promotion and salesmanship. In Jamaica it has been estimated that for every £2 the Government gets from tourism, it spends £1. on promotion. In the Bahamas, the Minister of Finance has estimated that each tourist cost the Government \$5.30 (U.S.) per annum. The Executive secretary of the tourist board should be a man with drive and personal charm, an extrovert whose effervescent personality reaches out and attracts, and not some old retiring civil servant who sees the job only as a potential supplement to his pension. Then there is the problem of transport. This is undoubtedly awkward for a small island that does not lie along the main airline routes. However, Monsterrat is in no better position and she is making out. Having got the tourist here, we must ensure that they not only want to stay here, but always want to come back or send down their friends. Tourists must be provided with places to stay and eat and things to do and to see. The Government must see to it that the Grenadines have a "proper infrastructure", that is, that there are roads, water, telephone and electricity. Efforts will have to be made to preserve our historic monuments and have them properly interpreted.

In summary then we can say that there are three crucial problems in attracting retiree tourists. The problem of appeal; the problem of transport; the problem of providing attractive facilities locally. Where does the freeport come in all this? There seems to be no apparent connection between the freeport and improved communication. True, the freeport might have some propaganda value. Most people like to feel that they are getting a good bargain, something good for next to nothing. Whether they are in fact getting this or not does not really matter. The vital point is that they must feel so. In this sense the free port can be a good sales promotion gimmick and as such is relevant to the question of communication. The freeport might help to improve transport if it means that passenger liners, as distinct from tourists' cruise ships, are going to berth in the Grenadines. One of the main methods for making facilities

attractive is to find a way to have them cheap but good.

Competition for the tourist dollar is not only keen among the several islands of the Caribbean but also between the Caribbean and other regions of the world. Prices must be reasonable if the industry is to thrive. Will the freeport help to make the cost of the goods and services that tourists want cheaper? This will depend on how important imported duties are as an item of cost in the price of such goods and services. It would seem that the tourists are most likely to need (1) Internal transport (2) food (3) laundry (4) Entertainment. Is the freeport going to mean that cars and gasoline can go to the Grenadines duty free? If the answer is yes, then we have to admit that this will mean that transport costs ought to be lower, except that the roads in the Grenadines cannot accommodate a steady flow of vehicular traffic. If we are going to push local dishes for tourists then the question of import duties does not arise where food is concerned. But even if imported food-stuffs do play a significant role in tourist diet, is the duty on food-stuffs that high? If the allegations going around the place about the deep water harbour are in fact accurate, it seems that other handling charges are far more significant as items of cost in the price of imported food than the imported duties. As for laundering, it is poor and expensive and entertainment of any sort is virtually non-existent.

Against the positive benefits that might accrue from the freeport must be set off the risks of smuggling. The comments of O'Loughlin and others in their Report on Freeports are significant. The report states "The committee is not prepared to recommend the establishments of the freeports unless it can be assured that smuggling into St. Vincent would not increase." Somebody wants his pound of flesh but O'Loughlin wants to see no blood. The wary economic adviser is obviously leaving a loophole through which she can escape if, as the Trinidadian would put it, push comes to shove. She, however, goes on to state that a police launch can prevent smuggling. She also cited instances in other islands where smuggling is not a problem despite their proximity to freeports. Perhaps it also ought to have been mentioned that in Antigua a police launch was bought to prevent the smuggling of rum into that island but was burnt and the Government found it cheaper to lower duties on alcohol than to keep them high and try to police the coasts. The case of San Andres, which is to Colombia what the Grenadines are to St. Vincent, also deserves attention. In San Andres a freeport was tried and within three years goods amounting to \$90 M. had been smuggled from San Andres to Colombia.

The article was never intended to be a blue-print as to what should be done, it is rather a map of reality. It has merely offered leads and indicated possible trends which deserve closer attention when we approach the ticklish problems of developing a tourist industry and freeport.

HYMN TO THE CRUCIFIED

AL T. DAISY

He
Hangs upon
A crucifix
The sacrifice of Love
He dies that death
A thousand times
Within our spans of life.

He
Came to save
And spoke of PEACE
And

Love for fellowman
Yet

In his name
More wars were fought
More killed by human hands.
He

Came in all humility
To wipe out lust and greed.
His tabernacles are industries
Where man may buy his creed.
He

Preached and preached
And showed us too
How man
Should live with man,
In return He...

Died...
A death of crucifixion.
He

Sent apostles out
To spread his teaching far;
And many still come
To join his gold
And slave for His honour.
He

Hangs from his eternal cross
A saddened man perforce
Seeing
All the things he preached
Twisted in man's own course.
And

When I think
How much I've helped
To crucify God's Son
I feel ashamed
For there's none to blame
It's simply you and I.
Forgive them

Father
He said before
And
Oft will say again
For
He loves Mankind
All mankind
With an everlasting Love.

MAN AND HIS RELIGION

By MARCIA HAROLD

(Continue from last issue.)

The foregoing religions discussed in our last issue (Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism and Taoism) in one way or another had many deities, but the concept of one God is very old. There were two concepts of one God: a God of all the world, and the God of one people (the Jew's earlier concept). The Jewish concept of a universal God developed as their history progressed.

The Jewish and Christian concept of God is that He is One, omnipotent and the Creator of all that is: "And nothing that was made that was not made by him was not made."

Revelation of the omnipresent God came when the Jews realised that God was present with every Jew scattered in captivity.

When the Jews were captured by the Persians they came into touch with Zoroastrian thought, but could not accept a creator divided into two; their God they said was Jehovah, creator of the world, the only Lord and ruler of the universe. It is supposed by some scholars that their present concept of heaven and hell was learnt from Zoroastrian teaching. A remarkable thing about the Jews, however, is that captured and threatened throughout the centuries they still retained their individualistic religion, nothing seems to divorce them from it, and it is one of the world's oldest religions; only the Hindu religion has also an origin lost in antiquity.

The Jews had always believed in the coming of a Messiah to save "My people Israel." It is believed that because of the Persians this idea matured into a saviour of mankind; they still maintained however that he would be a descendant of David, and would gather the Jews together into the Promised Land—a sort of preferential Jewish treatment. Judaism is not a personally founded religion.

Christianity grew out from Judaism, and it still retains basic Jewish concepts but to the Christian Christ was, and is, the promised Messiah. To the Christian, Christ is Perfect Man and Perfect God. Although one with God, he proceeded from Him to set the example of Perfect man and to preach the Kingdom of God.

Most Christians also believe in the Holy Trinity: God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. The last proceeded from the Father and the Son, after the Son had been lifted up, to be the Comforter and Guiding Light of the world. Yet God is One, and God the Trinity is indivisible. Lead the Good Life and immortality will be the reward with God in Heaven, do otherwise and there would be the descent to Hell. The Judeo-Christian conception of reality after death is that it is not a

state of loss of individuality into the heart of a Brahmin, but a real state of real life.

To the Christian the approach to God the Father must be through God the Son: "if you have not known me, you have not known the Father." Christianity is the only religion in which God appeared on earth in the manner of Christ, and proclaimed the Son of God by Virgin Birth.

In the Islamic world Mohamet is the prophet of God (Allah). Mohamet had studied the Bible and came to believe much of it and the Old Testament is contained in their religion. One day Mohamet said Divine Revelation was made to him and he came to believe that the also was a prophet of One God and started his Life's work of preaching and teaching.

Moslems believe that God approach Man through prophets, outstanding among them being Abraham, Moses and Jesus, but the greatest being Mohamet. The basis of the moslem religion is Islam—submission to Allah; they believe in predestination not free will. They also teach salvation through faith and worship of God, the reward for the Good Life being Heaven. Their idea of Heaven is a place where they will get all the pleasures they are accustomed to on earth.

All religions then teach a search for Truth and make attempts at defining reality. All existing societies have a history of religion behind them, their structures are the codes of law of their religions; no matter how secular the societies become this I think would remain as the basis of their structure. Even so man still ponders and will continue to ponder the truth of Divine Reality.

'A FAREWELL'

BY TIMOTHY CALLENDER.

There was a sort of finality about everything. The day was Old Year's day, the period that of sunset, the end of a day and a year, and also the end of a young man's first phase of life. And at the same time, there was a beginning; for a new day and a new year lay ahead, and new opportunities were in the distance too. At this moment, everything was perfectly still, though, as if this period was the point at which both aspects, that of a past, and that of a future, life, merge. There was that hushed and perfect stoppage of all moving things, the sun hung still in the melted tints of the sky, and the colours of fading evening and approaching night had met and blended perfectly... the tints of the sea and the sky were the same, so much so that one could not discern the line where the sea ended and sky began.

The jetty stretched long and narrow out into the sea, its great posts stiffly standing in the water like black sentinels, silhouetted against

the orange tinted surface of the water. The sea itself was calm and peaceful; there were scarcely any waves, but the whole surface of the water was rising and falling, it seemed, as if the sea were breathing in its rest.

The jetty was deserted except for the lonely old man who sat at its end with his feet dangling over the water, and watched the sea. His back was bent and his head was half bowed, as if the unseen weight of old age was tangibly pressing down upon him. His clothes hung in tatters about his body, and the white hair of his bare and weathered head was long and straggling. I felt sorry for the old man in his loneliness; but I knew that he was happy just to come and sit there on the jetty evening after evening and watch the smouldering sky, and feel the dying sun's smile upon his face.

From the time I was a small boy, I would many an evening wonder out on the jetty and see the old man sitting there. He would smile his little twisted smile at me, and beckon me with his withered hand, calling me to sit beside him. And I would go and sit with him on the boards of the jetty, with my feet dangling over the edge, and with his protecting arm around me, and we would talk together.

He would tell me of his boyhood days, and of his early life... how, at sixteen years of age, he had run away from home and gone to sea in order to escape from his strict puritanical parents of the adventures and escapades he had had. And I would listen rapt to all he had said, and wished that I could live a life like his.

He had a way of suddenly breaking off the conversation and remaining lost in dreamy recollection of some specially cherished and poignant memory. I remember the way I would gaze into his clear and unaged brown eyes as he stared ahead of him, but not at the sea or anything visible at all—it was at some personal, invisible scene re-reeled upon the memory tapes of his mind.

Mom and Dad, with their strict religious ideas and their deep prejudice of anyone whom they regarded as below their status in society, hated me to talk with the old man, and more than once they told me to keep away from him. But he exercised a hold, a fascination over me and I felt some profound link with him, and so, in spite and because of all they said, I constantly disobeyed them and went and talked with the lonely old man.

Mom said, "Listen my boy, besides being undignified to speak on such intimate terms with a man of his sort, it is definitely low-minded. You must remember your position." It is a mystery to me what you and he could have in common to talk so long and so deeply about. And then, it is highly embarrassing to us that you should so blatantly refuse to fraternize with the boys of your age and social standing, and the sons of respectable neighbours, and go and talk

with that old man. People are beginning to feel that that we allow and condone it. I wonder what exactly do the neighbours think!"

That was typical of her. She never did any thing unless she first satisfied herself that the neighbours would think nothing less of her for doing it. And Dad—he was a buck-toothed, chinless and pusillanimous man, who never did or said anything of himself except what Mom expected and demanded of him. I often wondered why I was so radically different from them....

In rebellion I continued to "fraternize" with the old man. In spite of the fact that he dressed in rags and went barefooted and lived in the dismal remains of an old shack, and in spite of the fact that I was always well groomed and cleanly dressed, with shoes on my feet and with expensive watch and ring.

When I was accepted into High School, Mom told me that I would now have to break my links with the old man. "You can't allow the people to see you in your decent respectable school clothes conversing with that man," she said. "I don't know why you always encouraging that man around you..." "You don't have to know," I muttered.

She was shocked for a moment and then she said, coldly, "you see, association with that man has already corrupted you. You never would have been so disrespectful to me before." "I thought you were always right then," I said. "I didn't have my own ideas then."

"But the ones you are having now are going to lead you astray," she returned. "You will turn out bad like any other self-willed fellow and in spite of all the good training we gave you."

"As soon as I stop following your old fashioned ideas and adopt my own, I am evil and bad in your eyes," I snapped. "Because you are so necessarily right." "Of course I am! You will never know what your father and I are protecting you from when we tell you to stay away from that man. What you think is advantageous to you will prove the opposite in the end. Listen to who know better." She paused, then said, "But my goodness, how could you go and degrade yourself with him I don't know."

"I don't see anything wrong with the old man," I said stubbornly. "It's just that you can't see any other point of view but your own, and that is not my fault." My retort left her speechless, and I walked away from home and went through the front door immediately.

I knew that she was watching me but I did not care, and I walked down the avenue between the rows of quiet bungalows, crossed the main road, and went out on the jetty. It was still early and the old man had not yet returned, but I sat and waited for him. And all the time I knew that she was looking through the dining room window and watching me, but I did not care.

When the old man heard that I had gotten in

for High School, he was pleased. I could see that he was fighting for words to convey his feeling; and in the end he failed to find those words. But I got more satisfaction out of the few sentences he uttered than from what all Mom and Dad had said.

He looked at me and said, joy lighting his deep eyes, "My son, I am real glad to hear that. I know that you going make the best of your opportunity, and become somebody real worthwhile. God bless your future."

And so I went to High School and managed to successfully struggle through my exams, finally leaving with a satisfactory amount of Ordinary and Advanced certificates. Mom and Dad were satisfied, and Mom not so much thinking of my future, but more to gratify her own desire for prestige, I felt demanded that I go to University.

I had not seen the old man for some time and now I hastened down to the jetty to talk to him, happy I had lived up to the standard expected of me.

He heard my footsteps and felt their vibrations through the boards of the jetty, and turned his head to see me coming. "You do not have to tell me, he said, and his face creased into a smile. "I can see from your demeanour that you have good news. You have done well, I know son." I dropped down beside him on the jetty, and dangled my shoes over its edge. "Yes I have, old man," I said. "I have I have."

The old man was silent for a little time, gazing into the sunset with a steady clear gaze. His face was coloured with the vivid splashes of the smouldering sky, and some of the red light glinted on the tears that had gathered in his eyes. "I am glad, my son, I am glad." That was all he said. After a pause I said, "Mom wants me to go to a University, what do you think?"

"What does it matter what I think? It will not change anything... I realize, although you have not told me anything, that she doesn't like to see us talking... because I am too low for you."

I was silent. There was no point in pretending that it wasn't true. The old man knew that he had embarrassed me and he continued quickly, not taking his eyes from the sunset: "Of course you got to go. Your Mom is paving the way for you to become a responsible respectable man." But it is not my desire to go. I shall miss this place, this life, you, and everything. I have enjoyed for so long a time... I hate the idea."

"It is not time for sentiment," the old man said. "You have your young life to live, whilst I have only to die. I have enjoyed your company, and I would hate to see you go, but it would be selfish and unfair of me to tell you not to go away and study..." "Okay, old man," I said, "I will go and study."

But it turned out that I did not have to leave

the island after all. A local University had come into being, and I went there. Mom would have preferred to boast that I was at an English University, but she had to be satisfied to boast that I was at the local one. And I was happy to remain in the island and continue my way of life.

I owe a lot to that old man. It was he who had taught me everything, apart from my academic studies. Had I listened only to Mom and Dad I would have grown up stiff and narrow, and prejudiced, of course. It was the old man who taught me the 'facts of life'; Mom was too social and too far removed from ordinary people to discuss such 'dirty things' with me, and Dad would have been embarrassed to do so.

It was the old man who had first informed me that Mom and Dad were not my true parents. He had done it unaware, of course; for had he realized that I did not know he would not have mentioned it. And I had pressed him to tell me, and in the end he did. He told me that I have been adopted by Mom and Dad after it was found that they were unable to have their own children.

Later, I asked Mom and Dad about it, and demanded to know the truth. "That old man, damn him, has been telling you things!" Mom angrily cried. But she knew that it was time I learned the truth, and she and Dad told me. What the old man had said was true—I had been taken from a poor married couple who could not afford to support even me, their own child; and I had been reared in a middle class society. Mom and Dad had tried their best to make me into *their* child, to make me feel and think like them, and to kill the instinctive affinity I felt towards the lower classes.

I had learnt this while at University; and though I tried my best to find out where my parents were, there had been no clue to lead me to them. Now I had become a man, and had gained my B.A. degree. And I was called to take a job in another land, and would soon have to leave this island place. Time was running out and I had not found my parents.

I went to see the old man on the jetty. He gazed into the sunset and talked softly to me. "So you are going away, my son" he said. "Well, God bless you, and may your future be a bright one."

"Thank you, old man," I said, placing my hand on his shoulder. "How old are you he asked. "Twenty-one years old, on the 31st December. The same day I have to leave the

island." "Going to take up a new life on a new year, eh?" "That's it."

He felt in his pocket with his right hand, and then he pressed something into my hand. I glanced down and saw that it was a fifty cents piece. "Now look, old man." He motioned me to be silent. "I know what you are going to say. But that to you is a symbol. I cannot help you financially or otherwise, but I want you to take it along so as to feel that you have my support and fellowship in all that you do, my son."

Touched, I drew off my ring and slipped it upon a wrinkled finger of his left hand. "Goodbye for now, old man," I said gently. "But I will see you and tell you goodbye just before I leave for the airport, on Old Year's day." He nodded, and turned to look into the sunset once more, and I walked off the jetty.

And now the day of my departure had come and I was ready to leave for the airport. I got out of the car and walked along the jetty in the fading evening light. As usual, the old man was sitting backing the road, his face turned towards the red sky and sinking sun. That strange sense of finality filled my mind.... the world was perfectly still, and I walked to tell the old man goodbye....

My footsteps pounded on the jetty, but this time the old man did not turn his head. He still gazed at the purple sea and sky, unconscious of my approach. I felt a sudden pang of deep sorrow, in knowing that this was the last time I would walk down this jetty and see the old man sitting at the end. For in the next hours, I would be flying through the night-sky bound for the new lands and a new existence.

I reached the old man. "Good evening, old man," I said, standing behind him. And he did not seem to hear me, but still stared across the sea, and the whole world was waiting and expectant... the sun hung still, and the sea whispered warningly to me.

"Good evening, *father*."

No answer, no movement... I grasped his shoulders, suddenly realizing that this goodbye was indeed final, and pulled him over backward. His limbs were still supple and the sun's rays had warmed his body, but the old man was no longer breathing. His clear eyes were open and glinting in the sunset light, and they held a message for me, as had his lips with their twisted, quizzical smile. I could not ask the question any more, but I knew the answer. The smile told me all.